

MYST TERIOUS

AUGUST
No. 15

Adventures

HERE'S YOUR
BILL !

BILL ! BILL !
WHAT DID YOU DO
WITH HIM !

BE SURE
TO READ

GHOU
L
CRAZY



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"With God All Things Are Possible!"

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?
Are You Worried About Your Health?
Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?
Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?
Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?
Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?
Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

If you have any of these PROBLEMS, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful news... news of a thrilling NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping men and women everywhere to meet the PROBLEMS of their lives more happily, triumphantly and successfully than ever before!

And this NEW WAY of PRAYER can just as surely bring a whole new world of happiness and joy to YOU!

Founded upon a modern psychological interpretation of the Scriptures, this NEW WAY of PRAYER is designed to bring the love and power of God into your daily life in a more real and direct way than you have ever known.

To bring you the glorious Wisdom and Beauty of the Bible we all love so well, and to help you apply in a practical way the Teachings of Jesus Christ so that the ABUNDANT LIFE—of health, happiness and prosperity which He promised can really be yours!

It doesn't matter what part PRAYER has had in your life up until now!

If you are one for whom PRAYER has always been a glorious blessing—then this NEW WAY will make PRAYER even more wonderful and blessed for you!

Or, if you have turned to PRAYER only once in a while in the past—if sometimes you have felt you just couldn't make God hear you—then this NEW WAY may open a whole new world of FAITH and SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING for you. You will find God's LOVE and POWER coming right into your daily life in a more real and direct way than ever before!

GOD LOVES YOU!

He wants you to be happy! He wants to help you! So don't wait, dear friend! Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY—please, please clip the handy coupon now and mail with 10c stamps or coin so we can send you FULL INFORMATION by AIR MAIL about this wonderful NEW WAY of PRAYER which is helping so many, many others and may just as surely and quickly help YOU!

The reason we are so sure we can help you is that, for more than ten years, we have been helping other men and women just like you to live closer to God—to be happier and more successful! We know this because we get wonderful, wonderful letters like these in almost every mail!

"The dark clouds have rolled away and the sun of Christ has come in!"—H.D., Balt., Md.

"I believe you have a heaven sent message for everyone!"—Mrs. D.W., Mo.

"What a comfort, what a blessing, what a help your Prayers are!"—Mr. C.S.M., Ala.

"More prosperity and happiness in our home than the whole twenty years before!"—Myrtle P., Merryville, La.

"You have taught me to pray and it's been the happiest time of my life!"—Viola G., Homer, Ill.

"I feel better than in years and the Doctor said he never saw the like!"—A.B., Augusta, Ga.

"God is daily showering His blessings on me!"—Augusta E., Ill.

"I sincerely believe God directed me to you!"—Mrs. A.S., Wisc.

Receiving wonderful letters like these makes us very happy, and it would make us very happy to help you! But we can't begin until you send us the coupon below.

So, don't wait, dear friend! If you have PROBLEMS of any kind—if you would like to live a MORE ABUNDANT LIFE—of BETTER HEALTH, GREATER PROSPERITY, TRUE HAPPINESS—please, please don't let another minute slip by! Clip and mail the coupon now, so we can send you our wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL! We promise you—you will bless this day!

Your friends who want to help you in

LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP

Just Clip and Mail This Coupon Now!

You Will Surely Bless This Day!

Life-Study Fellowship, Box 2206,
Noroton, Conn.

Dear Friends:

Please send me your wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH by AIR MAIL! Enclosed is 10c in stamps or coin. Thank you!
(Please Print Clearly)

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THE WORLD THOUGHT HIM A HERO--- THE BRAVEST OF BIG-GAME HUNTERS--- BUT, HE WASN'T! HE WAS CRUEL AND VICIOUS UNTIL THAT FATAL MOMENT WHEN HE LEARNED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ---

THE HUNTER and the HUNTED!



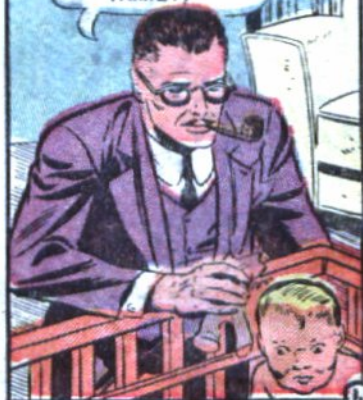
IT ALL BEGAN, ROGER CRANBY, JR., WHEN YOU WERE A TINY CHILD, STILL CRAWLING IN YOUR PLAY-PEN.

ROGER, I DON'T LIKE THE BABY'S TENDENCIES... TEARING APART HIS TOY ANIMALS... DISMEMBERING THEM. IT'S NOT A NORMAL TRAIT.

NONSENSE, DEAR! ALL BABIES BREAK THEIR TOYS. THEY DON'T KNOW BETTER. HE'LL OUTGROW IT SOON ENOUGH.



HE'S JUST A LITTLE HUNTER ALREADY. LET HIM GET TO KNOW THE ANIMALS IN NOT TOO MANY YEARS HE'LL BE THE REAL HUNTER... LIKE THE REST OF THE MEN IN OUR FAMILY!



YOU WERE THREE YEARS OLD, ROGER GRANBY, JR., WHEN YOU CAUGHT YOUR FIRST LIVING VICTIM...

MOMMY... LOOK! I CAUGHT BUTTERFLY!

YES, SWEETHEART. IT'S A PRETTY YELLOW ONE, ISN'T IT? ROGER... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE TEARING ITS WINGS OFF!

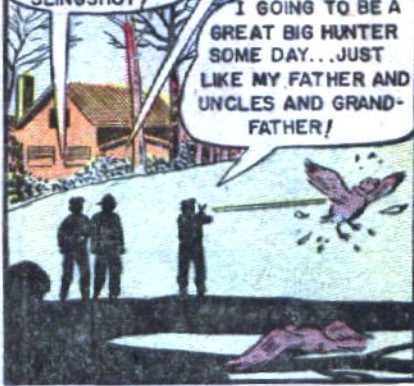
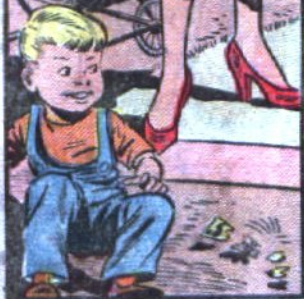
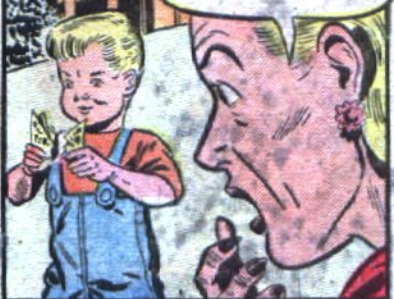
NOW IT CAN'T FLY! HA... HA... HA... HOW FUNNY IT LOOKS... HA... HA LOOKS HOW IT JUMPS AROUND!

ROGER / HOW HORRIBLE! HOW CAN YOU DO SUCH THINGS?

WHEN YOU WERE SIX YOU WERE KILLING BIRDS... AND NOT IN A VERY NICE WAY EITHER...

BOY... LOOKA ROGER BUT THEY'RE FAT KNOCK THE PIGEONS AND SLOW! ANYBODY CAN DO THAT! SLINGSHOT!

I GOING TO BE A GREAT BIG HUNTER SOME DAY... JUST LIKE MY FATHER AND UNCLES AND GRAND-FATHER!



A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, YOU RAN OVER A DOG WITH YOUR BICYCLE...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KNOCK HIM DOWN, ROGER. YOU COULD HAVE STEERED THE OTHER WAY!

HIS LEG'S BROKEN. WE CAN FIX THAT WITH A SPLINT!

WHY BOTHER? I HAVE A BETTER WAY. WAIT HERE FOR ME!



SO YOU RODE HOME. A FEW MINUTES LATER YOU WERE BACK. YOU HAD A GUN FROM YOUR FATHER'S COLLECTION...

NO, ROGER... DON'T SHOOT! WE CAN MAKE THE POOR LITTLE DOG WELL AGAIN!

DON'T SHOOT! WHY NOT? THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?



FIRING THAT AUTOMATIC PUT SOMETHING IN YOUR BLOOD. YOU'D NEVER FIRED A GUN BEFORE THAT EVENING...

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO TAKE A GUN WITHOUT MY PERMISSION, DIDN'T I? AND WHAT'S WORSE, KILLING THAT INNOCENT, HELPLESS DOG!

I'M SORRY, DADDY! I JUST WANTED TO SHOOT. CAN I GO HUNTING WITH YOU ON SUNDAY? I'M ALMOST NINE ALREADY!



THAT NIGHT, YOUR PARENTS TALKED IT OVER...

I DISAPPROVE, ROGER. AT HIS AGE YOU WANT TO TEACH HIM TO DO EVEN MORE KILLING?

YOU MISS THE POINT, MY DEAR! I WANT TO GIVE HIM THE PROPER TRAINING AND SUPERVISION SO THAT HE'LL LEARN TO HUNT AND KILL ACCORDING TO THE RULES!



SO THE MEN TOOK YOU HUNTING WITH THEM. THE RESULTS? WELL, THE FIRST DAY YOU HUNTED RABBITS. YOU COULDN'T HIT A THING, SO YOU WANDERED OFF AND GOT YOUR RABBIT YOUR OWN WAY...



BY THE TIME YOU WERE FIFTEEN YOU WERE A CRACK SHOT. BUT RULES STILL MEANT NOTHING.



WHEN YOU WERE TWENTY, YOU SHOT THE LARGEST DEER EVER BAGGED IN THE COUNTY. BUT HOW'D YOU DO IT?



THE DEER WAS PARALYZED BY THE GLARE OF YOUR BRIGHTS. YOU JUST WALKED RIGHT UP TO IT AND PUT A BULLET IN ITS HEAD. THAT WAS SOME KILL, WASN'T IT, ROGER?



AT TWENTY-THREE YOU HAD YOUR OWN SIZEABLE COLLECTION IN YOUR OWN ROOM AT HOME. YOU PROUDLY SHOWED IT TO YOUR FIANCEE, MILLIE...

THAT RABBIT WAS MY FIRST KILL / GOT HIM AT FIFTY FEET, THE DEER I KILLED AT ONE HUNDRED FIFTY YARDS. BIGGEST ONE EVER BAGGED IN THIS COUNTY!

I DON'T LIKE HUNTING, ROGER / I THINK KILLING IS HORRIBLE!



WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP, ROGER? TRY A DIFFERENT SPORT... LIKE GOLF... OR TENNIS OR EVEN FISHING?

OH, NO / THAT'S FOR OTHER MEN. I LIKE HUNTING / THAT'S MY FAVORITE SPORT!



AND SO YOU WERE MARRIED, ROGER...

WELL, ROGER FINALLY BAGGED MILLIE / HE CHASED HER LONG ENOUGH / ANOTHER "TROPHY" IN HIS COLLECTION!

YEAH / BUT IF YOU ASK ME, MILLIE'S THE ONE WHO GOT THE BEAST!



MARRIED LIFE DIDN'T CHANGE YOU, ROGER! YOU COULD AFFORD TO LEAVE MILLIE AT HOME WHILE YOU WENT HUNTING ALL OVER THE WORLD. THE YEARS WENT BY AND YOUR HOME BEGAN TO LOOK LIKE A MUSEUM...



ROGER... PLEASE
...FOR YEARS I'VE
BEGGED YOU...
STAY HOME! STOP
HUNTING! THESE
ANIMALS...THEY
FRIGHTEN ME!

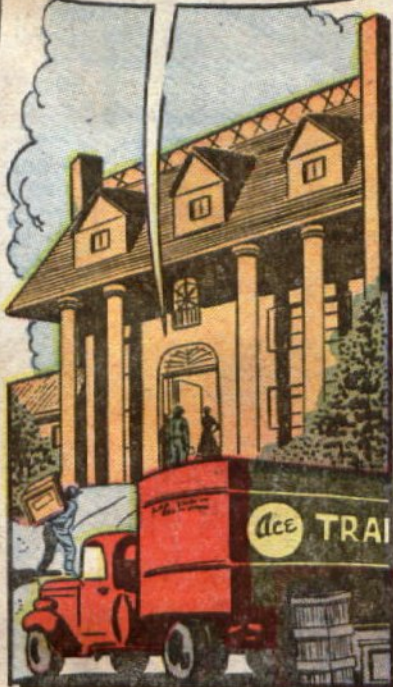
NONSENSE,
MILLIE...
THEY'RE
DEAD AND
HARMLESS!
YOU SHOULD
BE PROUD
OF ME! I'LL
RETIRE ONLY
WHEN I HAVE
EVERY ANIMAL
IN EXISTENCE!

YOU SOON WENT AWAY AGAIN,
ROGER. AND AGAIN THE CRATED
TROPHIES BEGAN ARRIVING AT
YOUR HOME...

THIS THE CRANBY ESTATE,
M'AM? I HAVE EIGHT CRATES
HERE... SENT FROM MOMBASA...
IN KENYA, AFRICA!

THE TRUCKMEN BROUGHT THE
CRATES INSIDE AND UNPACKED
THEM. WHAT STRANGE LOOKING
ANIMALS YOU SENT THIS TIME,
ROGER! BUT YOU TERRIFIED
MILLIE WHEN YOU SENT HOME...

... AN ALLIGATOR! PUT
IT BACK... QUICK... GET IT
OUT OF HERE! I WON'T
HAVE THAT THING IN
MY HOME!



BUT WHEN YOU RETURNED HOME, ROGER, YOU INSISTED THAT THE ALLIGATOR BE PUT ON DISPLAY. MILLIE WEPT... BUT YOU WERE FIRM...

OH, ROGER... WHAT NEXT? (SOB) WHAT NEXT?

THERE... THERE... MILLIE/ THAT'S THE ONLY REPTILE IN THE ENTIRE COLLECTION. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT!



AND I HAVE GOOD NEWS, MILLIE/ MY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE/ I'M RETIRING FROM HUNTING!

THANK HEAVEN/ THANK HEAVEN, IT'S ALL OVER!



YOU WERE FAMOUS, ROGER... KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS THE GREATEST HUNTER IN THE WORLD / YOUR COLLECTION ATTRACTED ENORMOUS ATTENTION

TOMORROW, MILLIE, A COMMITTEE OF MUSEUM CURATORS AND ANTHROPOLOGISTS IS COMING TO LOOK AT MY TROPHIES. YOU'LL HEAR WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MY COLLECTION!



THE NEXT DAY...

CRANBY, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I DID NOT SEE IT MYSELF. MAGNIFICENT... ABSOLUTELY MAGNIFICENT!

THANK YOU, HOLLIGSON/ VERY KIND OF YOU!



AN EPIC COLLECTION... EPIC/ YOU MUST HAVE WORKED HARD FOR MANY YEARS GATHERING SUCH SPECIMENS!



WORK? WELL... NOT EXACTLY, GENTLEMEN/ YOU SEE... I NEVER REGARD HUNTING AS WORK/ IT'S MERELY MY FAVORITE SPORT!

CRANBY, YOU'RE THE MAN WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR/ DO YOU KNOW THAT BUT FOR ONE ANIMAL YOU WOULD HAVE EVERY SPECIES KNOWN TO MAN?

BUT... BUT I THOUGHT I HAD EVERY SPECIES/ WHAT'S MISSING?

THE SURVIVORS OF THE PREHISTORIC BRONTOSAURUS IN THE DEEPEST JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON/ WE KNOW THEY EXIST... BUT THEY HAVE NEVER BEEN FOUND!

NOT A SINGLE HUNTER OR EXPLORER WHO'S EVER SOUGHT THIS MONSTER HAS EVER RETURNED/ CRANBY... YOU'RE THE MAN WHO CAN DO IT!



THIS WAS A CHALLENGE TO YOU, ROGER... AND YOU WERE QUICK TO TAKE IT UP...

I'LL FIND IT / DON'T WORRY, GENTLEMEN! I'LL ORGANIZE AN EXPEDITION AT ONCE!



MILLIE PLEADED WITH YOU, ROGER / BUT DID YOU LISTEN TO HER...?

ROGER...NO... NO/YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D RETIRE FROM HUNTING!

I SAID I'D RETIRE WHEN I'D CAPTURED EVERY SPECIES THAT EXISTS / I'LL GET THIS ONE, TOO / I'M THE GREATEST HUNTER IN THE WORLD!



SO YOU ORGANIZED YOUR EXPEDITION. WEEKS LATER YOU WERE DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON...

THIS IS THE TERRITORY! THINGS SHOULD START HAPPENING SOON!



AND THEY DID / MINUTES LATER TWO HULKING BEHEMOTHS FROM ANOTHER AGE CRASHED THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND CLUTCHED YOU IN THEIR CLAWS. YOUR NATIVE INDIAN PORTERS FLED IN TERROR...

EEEEYYAAH! NO! GOOD LORD...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



THE MONSTERS CARRIED YOU OFF DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE...

NO...NO...THIS CAN'T BE TRUE! I'M THE HUNTER... NOT YOU!



UP AHEAD YOU SAW OTHER MONSTERS IN A CLEARING IN THE BUSH. THEY WERE PLAYING A FAMILIAR GAME. THEN AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED. YOUR CAPTORS SPOKE

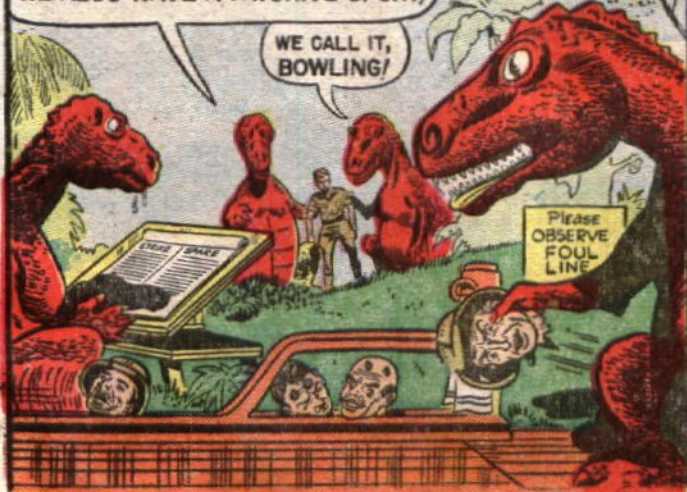
YES, ROGER CRANBY... WE KNOW! ALL THE OTHER HUNTERS SAID THE SAME THING!

BUT YOU SEE... WE MONSTERS MUST SUSTAIN OUR WAY OF LIFE, TOO...

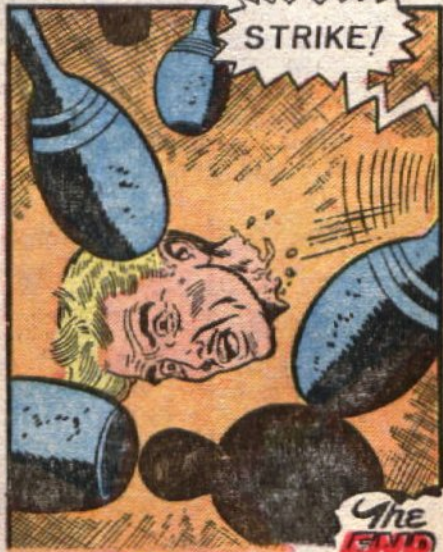


HUNTING IS YOUR FAVORITE SPORT... BUT WE ALSO HAVE A FAVORITE SPORT!

WE CALL IT, BOWLING!



STRIKE!



The END

NOW FLY LIKE A BIRD

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PULL UP A COFFIN AND SIT DOWN, FELLOW VAMPIRES! WE'VE GOT A JUICY MORSEL OF MADNESS AND MURDER FOR YOU THIS TIME! IT'S A TANTALIZING TALE OF TERROR WE CALL

a toast to *DEATH*



YOUR NAME IS HENRY WATSON. YOU'RE 44 YEARS OLD, A RESEARCH CHEMIST AND MARRIED... **UNHAPPILY MARRIED!**

SO THEY MADE YOU THE HEAD CHEMIST AT THE FOUNDATION / SO WHAT! WHERE MONEY'S CONCERNED, YOU'RE A FAILURE AND ALWAYS WILL BE!



FOR PETE SAKE, CAN'T I EVEN EAT MY BREAKFAST IN PEACE / NAG, NAG, NAG... I'M SICK OF IT, AMY!

YOU'RE, SICK OF IT? THAT'S A LAUGH! YOU MAY BE SICK OF IT, BUT I'M EVEN SICKER OF YOU!



YOUR BREAKFAST HALF-EATEN, YOU GET UP FROM THE TABLE, GRAB YOUR COAT AND HAT AND START FOR THE DOOR...

THAT'S FINE, JUST FINE! AT LAST WE AGREE... NOW LET'S SEE ABOUT A DIVORCE!

THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'D LIKE, ISN'T IT, YOU LITTLE SNIVELING IDIOT? WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD.



... BECAUSE I'LL NEVER DIVORCE YOU, HENRY WATSON! NEVER! YOU'LL SUPPORT ME UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE! I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO!



YOU STRIDE FROM THE HOUSE, THE RAGE WITHIN YOUR CHEST ALMOST READY TO EXPLODE. YOU'D LIKE TO KILL HER, WOULDN'T YOU, HENRY?

THIS CAN'T GO ON! IT JUST CAN'T! WHY DOESN'T SHE LEAVE ME ALONE? ALL I WANT IS PEACE AND QUIET!



WHEN YOU REACH YOUR OFFICE AT THE FRANKLIN FOUNDATION, YOU'RE STILL SEETHING. SHE MAKES EVERYTHING MISERABLE... EVEN YOUR WORK.

'MORNING, MR. HEAD CHEMIST. HOW GOES IT WITH YOU?



LOUSY, CARL LOUSY!



AS YOU WALK OVER AND START WORKING YOU CAN'T SEE THE SLY SMILE WHICH STEALS OVER YOUR ASSISTANT'S FACE...

NICE GOING, AMY. YOU'RE A SMART GAL! YOU KNOW JUST HOW TO HANDLE THE OLD BOY!



NO, HENRY, YOU HAVEN'T THE VAGUEST INKLING THAT CARL KRUEGER AND YOUR WIFE ARE MORE THAN FRIENDLY. ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT EVERY NIGHT YOU WORK LATE RATHER THAN GO HOME AND FACE HER.

WORKING LATE AGAIN TONIGHT, HENRY?

YES, I... ER... I WANT TO FINISH THIS EXPERIMENT.



BUT YOUR FEEBLE EXPLANATION DOESN'T FOOL CARL. HE KNOWS WHY YOU'RE NOT GOING HOME... IT'S ALL BEEN NEATLY ARRANGED AND A SHORT TIME LATER...

DARLING, DARLING...



HONESTLY, CARL, ... AND, HAHHA, HAHHA, IT'S A RIOT / EVERY DAY IT WORKS PERFECTLY / I GET HIM SO MAD THAT HE WON'T COME HOME...

... AND, HAHHA, THAT'S WHERE I COME IN, BABY / WHEN LITTLE HENRY IS AT THE OFFICE, CARL IS WITH HIS WIFE / HAHHA /



BUT YOU'RE NOT AT THE OFFICE, ARE YOU, HENRY? INSTEAD, YOU'RE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW LISTENING... LISTENING TO YOUR WIFE AND ASSISTANT JEER AT YOU...

CARL... HE'S WITH AMY / THEY--THEY PLANNED IT THIS WAY /



YES, HENRY, THEY DID PLAN IT THIS WAY. IF YOU HADN'T DECIDED TO COME HOME AND HAVE IT OUT WITH AMY, YOU'D HAVE NEVER KNOWN. THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING YOU FOR A SUCKER, HENRY /

UNTIL YOU START MAKING MORE MONEY, WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP THIS ARRANGEMENT, DARLING. ASSISTANT CHEMISTS CAN'T AFFORD WIVES!

BUT HEAD CHEMISTS CAN / UNTIL I'M READY, HENRY CAN SUPPORT YOU, HONEY!



YOU TURN AND WALK SLOWLY BACK TO YOUR CAR. THE WHOLE DIRTY PLOT IS CLEAR TO YOU. AMY HAS MADE A FOOL OUT OF YOU...

THAT'S WHY SHE WON'T GIVE ME A DIVORCE. SHE WANTS TO WAIT...WAIT UNTIL CARL CAN MARRY HER!



YOUR FIRST REACTION IS TO GO INTO THE HOUSE AND CONFRONT THEM...BUT YOU DECIDE TO WAIT. THERE'S ANOTHER PROBLEM TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE SCANDAL WOULD RUIN ME! THE FOUNDATION WOULD FIRE ME / I'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW YOU ALLOW AMY AND CARL TO THINK THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH THEIR SCHEME. YOU SPEND EVERY WAKING HOUR TRYING TO DEVISE AN ESCAPE FROM THE TRAP YOU'RE IN...

I WONDER IF IT WOULD WORK? IT SOUNDS PERFECT BUT I'VE GOT TO BE SURE. THERE CAN'T BE ANY SLIP-UPS!



YOU'VE FINALLY DECIDED ON A PLAN AND YOU GO OVER IT IN YOUR MIND. FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO WRITE CARL A NOTE, FORGED IN AMY'S HANDWRITING...

not a... and unless you stop annoying me with your unwanted attention carl! I'll be forced to tell Henry!



YOU'LL MAIL THE LETTER SO IT WILL REACH CARL'S APARTMENT ON THE MORNING FOLLOWING A COCKTAIL PARTY BEING GIVEN THE FOUNDATION...



YES, HENRY, GO OVER IT CAREFULLY. EVERYTHING MUST BE PERFECT. AFTER YOU MAIL THE LETTER, YOU'LL TAKE SOME ACID FROM THE LAB--- STRONG ACID!

... THAT SHOULD DO IT!



ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY YOU'LL PICK UP AMY AND DRIVE HER TO THE GATHERING. YOU'LL BE CAREFUL NOT TO ANGER HER...

I KNOW YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME, DEAR! EVERYBODY WE KNOW WILL BE THERE. CARL, MR. FRANKLIN, EVERYONE!



AND WHEN YOU REACH THE PARTY YOU'LL BE SURE THAT IT'S YOU WHO GETS AMY'S DRINK...

TWO, PLEASE!



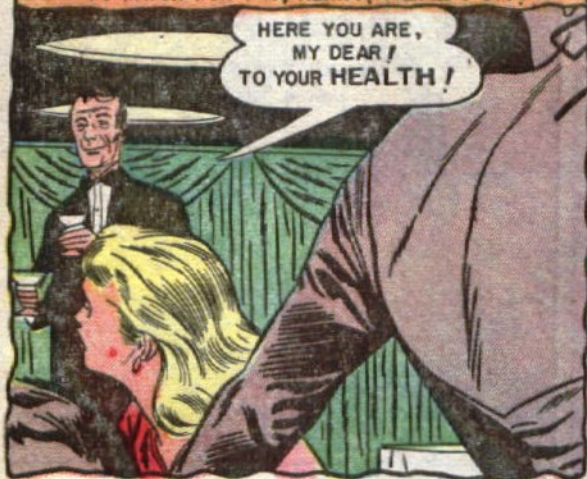
BUT BEFORE YOU GIVE HER THE DRINK YOU'LL PLACE THE ACID-FILLED VIAL IN CARL'S COAT POCKET!

A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU, CARL, MY FRIEND!



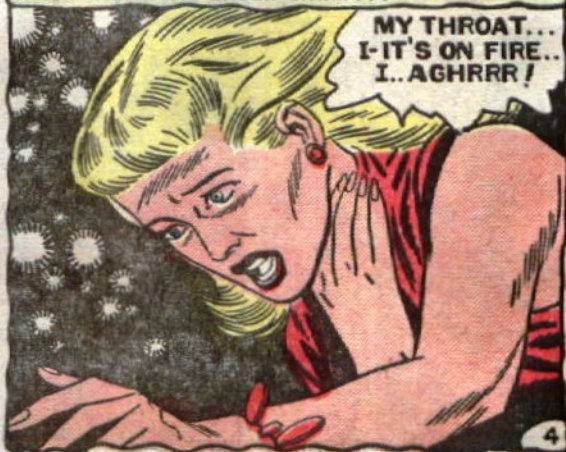
AND THEN YOU'LL GIVE AMY HER DRINK... IT'LL BE FUN TO WATCH WON'T IT, HENRY? REAL FUN!

HERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR! TO YOUR HEALTH!



YOU'LL JUST STAND THERE, WON'T YOU, HENRY? JUST STAND THERE AND WAIT UNTIL AMY SIPs FROM THAT ACID-LADEN DRINK...

MY THROAT... I-IT'S ON FIRE... I.. AGHRRR!



YOU KNOW YOU'LL HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH SOME TOUGH QUESTIONING BY THE POLICE... BUT, IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL THEY FIND OUT THE "TRUTH", WILL IT, HENRY?

NOW, QUIT STALLING, MR./ WE WANT AN ANSWER! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER AND...

HOLD IT, RYAN! IT'S PRACTICALLY OVER! WE GOT SOME REAL EVIDENCE THIS MORNING!

THE POLICE WILL FIGURE IT OUT JUST THE WAY YOU WANT, WON'T THEY HENRY?

...AND THEN WE FOUND THIS LETTER AT HIS PLACE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN MAKING A PLAY FOR HER AND THEN HE GOT AFRAID SHE'D TELL HER HUSBAND!

YES, THAT WILL BE YOUR REVENGE HENRY. CARL WILL PAY FOR AMY'S DEATH!

I DIDN'T DO IT / I DIDN'T... I DIDN'T! YOU G-CAN'T KILL ME, I'M INNOCENT!

YEAH, SURE BUDDY! THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

YOU GO OVER THE PLAN FOR THE LAST TIME AND YOU'RE SATISFIED... IT'S PERFECT! THE PERFECT MURDER!

I'LL SHOW THEM. NOBODY MAKES A FOOL OF ME!

IT'S FIVE DAYS LATER NOW AND EVERYTHING HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF. YOU'VE MAILED THE LETTER TO CARL AND NOW YOU AND AMY ARE ON YOUR WAY TO THE COCKTAIL PARTY...

I KNOW YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME, MY DEAR! EVERYBODY WE KNOW WILL BE THERE. CARL, MR. FRANKLIN, EVERYONE!

I'VE NEVER HAD A GOOD TIME BEFORE! WHY SHOULD I NOW?

BUT INSTEAD OF GETTING ANGRY AT AMY'S SULLEN REPLY, YOU KEEP ON SMILING. YOU CAN'T AFFORD ANGER, EVERYTHING MUST RUN SMOOTHLY...

JUST THE PEOPLE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. WATSON. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?

YOU AND CARL AND AMY STAND TALKING AND THEN, ACCORDING TO THE PLAN, YOU GO FOR THE DRINKS...

TWO, PLEASE.

THE IDIOTS! THEY REALLY THINK THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH THEIR LITTLE ACT!



YES, EVERYTHING IS GOING JUST RIGHT... BEFORE RETURNING WITH THE DRINKS YOU MAKE THE SCHEDULED STOP AT THE COAT ROOM...

FORTY DROPS... THAT'S ENOUGH TO KILL A HORSE! AND NOW, CARL, MY FRIEND, A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU!



NO ONE HAS OBSERVED YOUR MOVEMENTS AND AS YOU TAKE ANY HER DRINK, YOU KNOW YOU'RE SAFE!

HERE YOU ARE, DEAR! TO YOUR HEALTH!

WHERE DID YOU HAVE TO GO FOR IT? SOUTH AFRICA? YOU'VE BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES!



YOU DON'T EVEN BOTHER TO ANSWER HER. YOU JUST STAND THERE, ALMOST IN A DREAM, WAITING... WAITING...

EVEN A SIMPLE THING LIKE GETTING A DRINK YOU CAN'T DO! YOU'RE NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING, HENRY WATSON!



YOU'RE SO PREOCCUPIED THAT HER RASPING VOICE COMES THROUGH ALMOST IN A FOG...

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME, YOU LITTLE COWARD! DON'T JUST STAND THERE LIKE A ZOMBIE!



YOU IGNORE THE WILD RAGE ON HER FACE AS YOU SEE HER PICK UP THE GLASS...

YOU MAKE ME SICK... SICK!

THAT'S RIGHT, AMY, PICK IT UP... DRINK IT!



BUT SHE DOESN'T DRINK IT, DOES SHE, HENRY? INSTEAD OF DRINKING IT, SHE THROWS IT... AND THE DEADLY ACID SEARS YOUR FACE!

MAYBE THIS WILL GET AN ANSWER OUT OF YOU!

NO, DON'T PLE... AEIIIIII!



NO, YOUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK, DID IT, HENRY? IT FAILED... FAILED MISERABLY! AND YOU PAID THE PRICE!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, STAY IN YOUR ROOM, HENRY! YOU'RE REVOLTING!

YES, DEAR.



YOU'RE TRAPPED, HENRY! TRAPPED FOREVER!
THE END

THE SMILING CORPSE

by ELLEN LYNN

IT WAS a sizzling hot day. The sun beat down its heat waves on the colored Mexican cliffs. Pete and I were stripped to the waist and our skin glistened with rivers of perspiration. We laid aside our tools ready to call it a day when Pete suddenly yelled—"Ben, look! Look there!" I wheeled around, and there in the open seam of the mountainside was a gleaming white vein. We both stood transfixed, then we rushed over and feverishly started to examine the deposit which our pickaxes had uncovered.

I turned to Pete. "Is it—is it . . .?" I asked unbelievably.

He nodded, tongue-tied. Finally, "Yes, it's uranium! Ben, we've found rich deposits of uranium!"

This is what we were prospecting for—my pal and I. I should have been elated over our find. But the same old emotions I had always felt reared up and spoiled the feeling of conquest.

The truth was, I never liked Pete Lawrence. I'll admit it. I was jealous of him. In school, when I was the football star, he was the most popular fellow during the whole four years. He was short and skinny. I was the athletic type—and yet all the girls went for his piano playing and his poetry. I could never understand it.

What was even stranger, he and I were always buddies. He was president of the student organization and I tagged along with him—it made me feel important. But it also made me boil inside—Why should the football hero tag after a mere bookworm? It should be the other way around.

"Won't Joyce be excited," Pete was saying, adding a bitter sting to my already acid thoughts. Joyce! The only girl I ever loved—and she went for Pete. I had introduced them at a dance, never dreaming she'd prefer a little guy like him to a he-

man like myself. She used to go for me, until Pete came along. If only I hadn't introduced them! How many times I thought about that! But what was the use now? They were completely "gone" on each other.

There he was, busily snapping away at the shutter. Taking pictures at every angle, making me take the camera to get a shot of him. So excited! He was going to be rich. And he was going back to marry Joyce! No, no! If I had more time I might win her back.

Pete was thrusting me back, back. "Hey, Ben, wake up! Are you dreaming about our rich future? Stand back there, will you? Next to the deposit. I'll take a picture of you discovering the uranium. Hahaha! We can all show it to our grandchildren some day." He snapped several pictures.

As I stood there I saw Ben backing up toward the edge of the cliff, a 3,000 foot drop. My breathing stopped. He was going to back up and fall over! In another step! My God—that would be the solution! I'd have the whole uranium deposit to myself—and Joyce, too.

No such luck. He stopped. "Stay where you are," he commanded me. "Why are you walking so close to me? I also want your picture next to the—next to—Ben, what's the matter?"

I could see horror in his eyes as I moved closer, closer. He glanced back over his shoulder at the sheer drop behind him. "Ben, Ben, you're pushing me—I'll be killed," he panted.

My arm steeled itself and with one heave, I pushed him over the cliff. A great sense of relief filled me. At last, after all these years, I was rid of him. Now I must think clearly how to cover up the murder.

First, I removed the negative from the camera, then I hurled it and the camera itself after the owner. By the time it was found, if at all, the negative would be ruined. Gathering up all our equipment, I quickly descended the mountain. I would return later in the week—and claim the uranium deposit for myself.

As I had planned, I got back to the hotel unnoticed by anyone. Inside my room, under the door, was a telephone message addressed to Pete. I opened it. It was from Joyce expressing concern at not having heard from him. I smiled happily.

The next morning I phoned Joyce. She became frantic when I said, "But Pete went to spend the past week with you, Joyce. Hasn't he been there at all?"

"Why, no! Ben—he told me he was going on a prospecting trip and would be gone quite a while! Something must have happened! Ben, I'll leave here at once. Oh—try to find him!"

When Joyce arrived, a searching party was organized to find my missing friend, Pete. I helped in the arrangements, my solemn countenance merely a mask to conceal the elation I felt at Joyce's nearness to me. In a few days, when she got used to the idea that Pete was dead, I'd go back to make my claim and then I'd return to Joyce—and win her for myself.

We were riding in a jeep, my arm comforting her. I noticed the cars ahead were stopping not too far from the base of the cliff where my claim was. I sat erect, somewhat relieved when the searching party set out in an opposite direction to the fatal spot. Joyce was mumbling something. "What did you say, Joyce?" I asked gently.

"I just said that I gave Pete a new camera which he must have taken along. It isn't in his room—I looked for it." Joyce was silent a moment and then her next words froze my blood. "If we could find that camera, it might tell us a story. You know, it was a self-developer."

A self-developer! Then my picture would be developed and the searchers might find it. They'd know I was with him—that I was his murderer! I

must find the camera and the developed pictures.

"Joyce, I'm going to help the searchers find Pete—but I'll go in a different direction," I explained to her, and I hurried up the mountainside toward the uranium deposit.

Never had I climbed as I did then. My fingers were torn and bleeding, my clothes ripped, but up, up I went. When I reached the top, I fell flat on my belly and looked over the edge of the cliff. I could make out a man's form sprawled out on a ledge about five hundred feet below. More carefully I made my way down the steep side. As I neared the body, I could make out Pete's face, bloody, disfigured, half-gone. Near his head was the camera and the films. I breathed a sigh of relief. But how was I to get it? The ledge was narrow and Pete's body was sprawled in such a way that it blocked my passage. Perhaps if I could hang on to the overhanging ledge and swing, arm over arm, I could get to the other side of the body and get the photographs. I'd make sure to destroy all the pictures this time. It was just a short distance across his body. I jumped and grabbed hold of the narrow protruding ledge, then I started to swing—trying to avoid looking down at the nothingness of space around me, thousands of feet down to terra firma. Five more swings, I estimated, and I'll have passed Pete's body—What was that? Was I having a brain-storm, or did Pete really move? His eyes—the lids fluttered! His lips—what was left of them—started to smile at me! T-two—more—swings! One! I was at the other side. I dropped down and started to reach for the pictures, my eyes glued on Pete's form. Slowly, it raised up, to a sitting position. I jumped back—and felt myself whirling in space, the wind tearing at my lungs.

They picked up my battered body and brought me dying to the hospital. Joyce and some doctors were standing at my bedside and I heard them talking:

Joyce said, "Ben found Pete's body—and there was the camera beside him. B-but—the pictures were ruined, so we have no record of what Pete was doing on that cliff—or what had happened." Everything was going black—black . . .

REVENGE!

IN THIS SICKENING SAGA WE TAKE YOU OUT TO THE CIRCUS... BUT INSTEAD OF POPCORN AND PINK LEMONADE, WE OFFER YOU A TASTE OF MURDER! WE'RE SURE YOU'LL DROOL WITH DELIGHT AS YOU READ THIS TALE OF REVENGE!



CUT IT OUT
... YOU'VE ALL
GONE CRAZY!

STOP! DON'T
DON'T...

OUR STORY
OPENS AT THE
CIRCUS WHERE
HUNDREDS OF
DELIGHTED
CHILDREN AND
THEIR
PARENTS CHEER
THE TWO STAR
PERFORMERS:
ROCCO AND
RABBO, DARING
AND FEARLESS
AERIALISTS!



DADDY,
LOOK! LOOK!

THEY'RE
TERRIFIC,
SON!

YES, ROCCO AND RABBO ARE LOVED BY PARENTS AND CHILDREN ALIKE... BUT THE FEELING ISN'T SHARED BY SOME OF THEIR FELLOW WORKERS...

EVERYDAY I STAND
HERE AND PRAY
ONE OF THEM WILL
FALL!

NO, BESSIE,
NOT ONE OF
THEM, BOTH
OF THEM!



NO, ROCCO AND RABBO ARE NOT LIKED BY ONE PARTICULAR BRANCH OF THE CIRCUS: THE FREAKS/ FOR YEARS THE TWO AERIALISTS HAVE MADE THE "STRANGE ONES" HATE THEM!

C'MON, JUNIOR, GET OUT OF THE WAY AND MAKE ROOM FOR A MAN!

CUT IT OUT, YOU... UGHHH!



YOU TWO MAKE ME SICK! SOMEDAY YOU'LL PICK ON SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE AND...

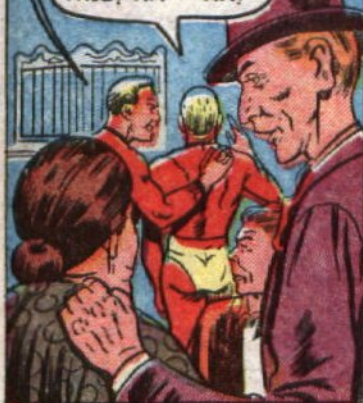
HOW ABOUT RIGHT NOW, LITTLE BESSIE? YOU'RE MY SIZE... IN FACT, YOU'RE TWICE MY SIZE!



HAHAHAHA! THAT'S A RIOT!

TAKE IT EASY, HONEY. DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM!

HAHAHA! YEAH, DID YOU GET A LOOK AT THAT FAT FACE? HAHAHA!



IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, ROC...

WHEN I ASK YOU A QUESTION, YOU ANSWER ME, BEAN-POLE! CAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I'LL TWIST YOU INTO A PRETZEL!

LEAVE HIM ALONE! WE'RE GOING TO MEET OUR DAUGHTERS! THEY'VE BEEN AWAY AT SCHOOL!



BUT IT'S HARD FOR THE FREAKS TO IGNORE THE NEVER-ENDING INSULTS AND JIBES OF ROCCO AND RABBO. IT'S A WEEK LATER AS WE JOIN THE "HAPPY" GROUP AGAIN...

HURRY IT UP, YOU TWO. THE CAB'S OUT IN FRONT!

WE'RE COMING, RIGHT NOW. LOUISE IS JUST PUTTING ON HER HAT.



BUT AS THE ODDLY-ASSORTED FOURSOME STARTS ON THEIR WAY...

OH, LOUIS, I CAN HARDLY WAIT! IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS, THREE...

WELL, WELL, ISN'T THAT A PRETTY SIGHT! FREAKS ON PARADE!

YEAH! WHERE YOU GOING, GOON SQUAD?



THE THOUGHT OF THE TWO FREAK COUPLES, LOUIS AND LOUISE, AND SLIM AND LITTLE BESSIE, HAVING CHILDREN SENDS ROCCO AND RABBO INTO CONVULSIONS OF LAUGHTER!

DAUGHTERS/ HAHAHAAAAHA! OH, NO... NO! HAHHAHA!

CAN YOU IMAGINE... HAHAHAAAAHA--- WHAT THEY'LL LOOK LIKE? HAHHAHA!



IT'S LATER IN THE DAY NOW AND HARRY OWEN, CIRCUS OWNER, CALLS HIS COMPANY TOGETHER...

LOOK, KIDS, I'M GOING TO GIVE A PARTY TONIGHT AFTER THE LAST SHOW. AS YOU KNOW, SLIM AND LITTLE BESSIE'S DAUGHTER AND LOUIS AND LOUISE'S DAUGHTER ARE COMING HOME AFTER THREE YEARS! LET'S GIVE 'EM A BIG WELCOME!



AND SO THAT NIGHT...

BOY, I JUST PICTURE THEM! AGNES IS PROBABLY 6'4" AND WEIGHS 200 POUNDS!

YEAH...

AND ALICE IS PROBABLY 3'9" AND WEIGHS 75 POUNDS!



BUT WHEN THE TWO BULLIES GET INSIDE...

HOLY COW? DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

Y-YEAH... BUT WE MUST BE GOING NUTTY!



THE PARTY CONTINUES UNTIL THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING... AND ROCCO AND RABBO MAKE THE BEST OF IT...

YES, IT'S SMALL WONDER THAT RABBO AND ROCCO CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES...

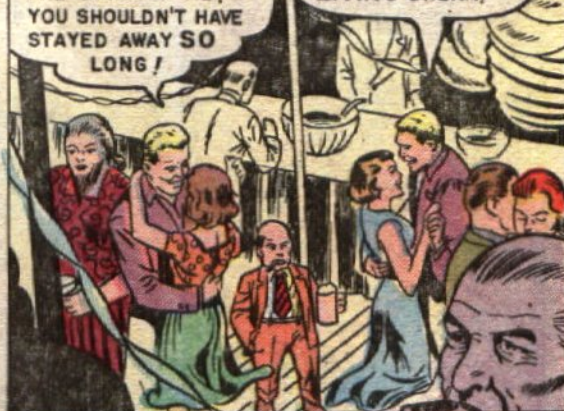
GO AHEAD, AGNES SWEET, EAT SOMETHING!

MOTHER AND I ARE SO PROUD OF YOU, ALICE!



HEY, BABY, YOU'RE THE GAL FOR ME? YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STAYED AWAY SO LONG!

ANGEL, YOU'RE A LIVING DREAM!



BUT THE GIRLS PARENTS AREN'T HAPPY AS THEY WATCH THEIR DAUGHTERS... NO, THEY'RE NOT HAPPY AT ALL...

SLIM, I DON'T LIKE IT! I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT!

TRY NOT TO WORRY, BESSIE. WE'LL TALK TO AGNES LATER!

AND NEITHER DO I!



LATER, IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR CIRCUS WAGONS THE TWO SETS OF PARENTS ATTEMPT TO TALK TO THEIR DAUGHTERS...

BUT, AGNES, YOU CAN'T GO OUT WITH ROCCO!

I FORBID IT, ALICE! NOT RABBO! ANYBODY BUT HIM!



BUT BOTH GIRLS REFUSE TO LISTEN...

OH, MOTHER, YOU'RE BEING FOOLISH! ROCCO IS AN ANGEL!

I'M SORRY, DAD, BUT I'M GOING TO SEE RABBO! YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM! HE'S REALLY WONDERFUL!



AND NOTHING THEIR MOTHERS OR FATHERS SAY MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE TO ALICE OR AGNES! AS THE DAYS PASS THEY THRILL TO THEIR NEW LOVES...

OH, ALICE, LOOK AT THEM! AREN'T THEY MARVELOUS!

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!



EVERY NIGHT THE TWO GIRLS DATE THE TWO AERIALISTS...

RABBO...RABBO, DARLING!

ROCCO... ROCCO...



...AND EVERY NIGHT SLIM AND BESSIE AND LOUISE AND LOUISE SIT AND WORRY...

I KNOW THOSE TWO, LOUISE! THEY'RE DEVILS... DEVILS!

WE'VE GOT TO PRAY FOR THE BEST, LITTLE BESSIE. MAYBE... MAYBE ROCCO AND RABBO HAVE CHANGED!



HAVE THE TWINS CHANGED? LET'S SEE... WE'LL JOIN THEM AS THEY WALK TO THEIR OWN WAGON AFTER A DATE WITH ALICE AND AGNES...

AREN'T THEY A SCREAM? THEY'RE NUTS ABOUT US!

THEY'RE NUTS PERIOD... BUT WHAT THE HECK, UNTIL SOMETHING BETTER COMES ALONG, THEY'LL DO US!



SURE... AND WHEN SOMETHING BETTER DOES SHOW UP, GOOD-BYE, AGNES!

...AND SO LONG, ALICE!



EVEN THOUGH THE AERIALISTS ARE DATING AGNES AND ALICE, THEY MAKE NO PRETENSES OF FRIENDLINESS TO THE FREAKS...

UGH! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN BE A FREAK!

YEAH, THEY'RE ENOUGH TO MAKE ME VOMIT!



EVEN THE OBVIOUS CRUELITIES OF THEIR BOYFRIENDS DO NOT SWAY AGNES AND ALICE... THEY REFUSE TO SEE OR HEAR...

THERE, DID YOU HEAR WHAT YOUR FINE SWEETHEARTS HAD TO SAY?

OH, MOTHER, DON'T BE SO EMOTIONAL. THEY WERE JUST TEASING!

YES, LOVE IS BLIND... AND LATER THAT NIGHT ROCCO AND RABBO ARE BLIND... BLIND DRUNK!

YESSIR, (HIC) NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE (HIC) DRINKIE!

HURRY UP, YA PIG, (HIC) LET SOMEBODY ELSE HAVE A CHANCE.



AND AS THE DRUNKEN TWINS PASS THE MIDGET'S WAGON...

WELL, (HIC) LOOK WHO'S SITTING ON THE STEPS... LITTLE LOUIS, HIMSELF!

PLEASE, BOYS, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! COME FOR A WALK WITH ME!



OH, HE GOES THROUGH THE AIR (HIC) WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE... DA DE DUM...

ROCCO AND RABBO TAKE THE MIDGET TO THEIR WAGON WHERE HE PROCEEDS TO MAKE THEM AN OFFER...

NO, LOUIE, INSTEAD OF YOU (HIC) WALKING... HOW ABOUT (HIC) RIDING!

\$5,000! IT'S ALL THE MONEY I'VE GOT IN THE WORLD! BUT I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU IF YOU'LL LEAVE THE GIRLS ALONE!

WAIT, DON'T PUT ME DOWN!



LEAVE THEM ALONE! HAHHAHA! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! WE WERE JUST GETTING BORED WITH THEM ANYWAY!

HAHAHA! GETTING PAID TO GET THOSE DIZZY DAMES OFF OUR NECKS! HAHHAHA!

WHY, YOU LOWDOWN STINKING DOGS! HOW DARE YOU TALK ABOUT MY DAUGHTER THAT WAY! I OUGHT TO KILL YOU!

CUT IT OUT, SMALL FRY, YOU'RE MAKING ME SICK WITH LAUGHTER!



THE MORE THE TWINS LAUGH, THE ANGRIER LITTLE LOUIE BECOMES UNTIL FINALLY...

YOU GREAT, BIG STUPID MORONS / I...

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, BEAN BRAIN, AND YOU'RE GOING TO FIND IT!



SUDDENLY THE DRUNKEN ROCCO LOSES HIS TEMPER AND GRABS UP THE MIDGET...

FREAKS/YOU MAKE ME SICK... ALL OF YOU!

YOU TELL 'IM, BROTHER / TELL HIM!



ROCCO SPINS LOUIS AROUND AND AROUND... AND THEN, IN ONE LAST ANGRY DRUNKEN FRENZY...

THERE, YOU DIRTY LITTLE FREAK!

HAHAHA!

STOP! DON'T... AEEIIII!



LOUIS'S TINY BODY SMASHES AGAINST THE WALL WITH A RESOUNDING THUD... AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE...

HEY... HE ISN'T MOVING!

NO... HE'S DEAD!



ROCCO AND RABBO LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER IN STUNNED SHOCK/ LOUIS IN DEAD... THEY'VE KILLED HIM!

W-WHAT'LL WE DO? WE... GOTTA GET RID OF THE BODY?

TAKE IT EASY. WE GOTTA KEEP CALM / HEY... WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT!



MINUTES LATER TWO FIGURES LEAVE WAGON CARRYING A CRUMPLED BUNDLE...

OKAY, ALL'S CLEAR. C'MON!

YOU'RE A GENIUS, RABBO / A REAL GENIUS!



ALL IS SILENT ON THE CIRCUS GROUNDS AND NO ONE HEARS AS A CAGE DOOR IS QUIETLY OPENED AND A SMALL BUNDLE THROWN INSIDE



THERE IS A SCREAM OF HORROR AT SIX O'CLOCK ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS THE BODY OF THE MIDGET IS DISCOVERED...



O-OH, MY GOD!
NO.. NO!

PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE AND BY EVENING THE POLICE HAVE CONDUCTED A THOROUGH BUT UNREWARDING, INVESTIGATION...

IT HAD TO BE AN ACCIDENT, MA'AM. THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY DIRTY WORK! MAYBE HE WAS.. WAS DRINKING AND ACCIDENTALLY WANDERED INTO THE CASE?



NO... (SOB)
H-HE NEVER DRANK / OH, LOUIS, MY POOR (SOB) LOUIS!

THAT NIGHT ALL THE FREAKS GATHER IN FRONT OF THE MIDGETS WAGON AND TRY TO CONSOLE LOUISE...

TRY TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, DEAR.

AND WHERE WERE YOU TWO LAST NIGHT?

GET A LOAD OF WHO'S ASKING THE QUESTIONS? YOU LOOKING FOR THE SAME THING LOUIE GOT, SLIM?



THE TWO AERIALISTS CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY BUT FREAKS STARE AT ONE ANOTHER SILENTLY. THEY NEED NO DEFINITE PROOF... THEY KNOW WHO KILLED LOUIE!

LET'S GET 'EM! THEY DID IT! I KNOW THEY DID!

SURE THEY DID! THE LOUSY X-2?% DOGS!

C'MON, AFTER THEM!



THE ENRAGED FREAKS CATCH UP WITH ROCCO AND RABBO NEAR A DESERTED LOT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

HEY, WHAT ARE ALL OF YOU DOING HERE?

YOU AND YOUR FILTHY BROTHER KILLED LITTLE LOUIE, ROCCO... AND WE'RE GOING TO EVEN THE SCORE!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU...



STOP/NO.. DON'T AGHHHRR!

YOU'VE BULLIED US FOR YEARS... MADE FOOLS OF US... CALLED US DIRTY FREAKS... BUT THE TABLES ARE TURNED NOW!



ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE CIRCUS OWNER FINDS A NEW MEMBER OF THE CIRCUS WAITING ON HIS DOORSTEP. THE SEWING IS A LITTLE CROOKED, THE FACES A LITTLE MESSED UP, BUT THERE IS NO DOUBT AS TO WHAT THE NEW MEMBER IS... A FREAK... A TWO HEADED MAN!



THE END

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GREGG CARLTON WAS QUITE A LADY KILLER...ON A SMALL SCALE...BUT HE HAD HIS EYE ON THE BIG TIME...HE FANCIED HIMSELF A DASHING SPENDTHRIFT BE-SIEGED BY BEVIES OF HIGH CLASS DOLLS...AS A MATTER OF FACT YOU MIGHT HAVE CALLED GREGG---

GHOUL CRAZY



WINING AND DINING GLAMOUR GIRLS IS AN EXPENSIVE HOBBY---ONE WHICH GREGG'S MINOR JOB COULD ILL AFFORD---

HEY, WAKE UP / J.J. TRASK AND COMPANY DOESN'T UNDERPAY ITS JUNIOR COPY-WRITERS TO DAYDREAM /

UH, OH / DON / WELL, THURSDAY IS THE ONLY DAY I CAN AFFORD TO DREAM / IT'S PAYDAY /



GREGG'S SOCIAL LIFE WAS WELL KNOWN TO HIS CO-WORKERS---

HEY, GREGG / YOU GOT A DATE WITH ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE GEORGEOUS DAMES TONIGHT? BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT ON YOUR SALARY /

MONEY DOESN'T MEAN A THING, JACK / GOTTA HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO GET 'EM / AND ME, I'VE GOT IT /



BUT GREGG'S EVENING DID COST MONEY... PLENTY OF MONEY!

YOUR CHECK, MONSIEUR!

WOW! THIS CLEANS ME! JUST ENOUGH LEFT FOR TAXI FARE... AND I'VE GOT A HEAVY DATE WITH KAREN ON SATURDAY!



BUT GREGG NEVER SEEMED TO RUN OUT OF "WHAT IT TAKES" TO DATE EXPENSIVE BABES... SATURDAY FOUND HIM...

HERE, KAREN! TAKE A BUNDLE AND PICK A HORSE!

OH, GREGG, HONEY! YOU'RE ALWAYS SO GOOD TO ME!



THAT WAS ON SATURDAY... BUT LET'S GO BACK ONE DAY, BACK TO FRIDAY WHEN GREGG TOOK A LOOK AT HOW THE "OTHER HALF" LIVES...

YEAH, THIS IS IT! THEY'RE COMING OUT SLOW AFTER THE QUITTING WHISTLE / YEP, THEY'RE GETTING PAID, ALL RIGHT / AH! JUST THE GIRL I'M LOOKING FOR!

ACME FACTORIES INC.



YES, JUST THE GIRL FOR GREGG ON A FRIDAY NIGHT! HOMELY, LONELY, AND WELL PAID...

EXCUSE ME, MISS! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR WEEKS AND I JUST COULDN'T RESIST SPEAKING TO YOU...



GREGG KNEW HOW TO PICK 'EM! SHE FELL FOR HIS SMOOTH TALK.

WHAT ABOUT A WALK IN THE PARK, MILLIE? IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, GREGG! I'M HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME!



IN THE DARKNESS OF THE PARK...

JUST SHUT YOUR EYES, DARLING, AND THINK ABOUT... US!

OH, GREGG! I'M SO HAPPY, I COULD DIE!



... AND GREGG WAS HAPPY TO OBLIGE! MILLIE NEVER KNEW WHEN THE TENDER CARESS TURNED INTO A GRIP OF STEEL! YES, HE WAS QUITE A LADY KILLER...



UNNH AGGH GGH!

WELL, WELL, HOW SWEET OF YOU, MILLIE--OVER TWO HUNDRED BUCKS / WERE YOU SAVING IT FOR ME, SWEETHEART?



GREGG WENT ON A SPREE WITH MILLIE'S MONEY AND THREE DAYS LATER...

* ... SUSPECT THE MURDERS ARE THE WORK OF A MANIAC / THOSE IDIOTS / I'M NO CRACKPOT--I'M A REAL SMART BOY!



AND WHEN GREGG PICKED UP THE PHONE HE HEARD--

GREGG, DARLING / HAVE YOU MISSED YOUR LITTLE CAROL? YES, I JUST GOT INTO TOWN / ...WELL, I'M BUSY TONIGHT, DEAR, BUT I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU TOMORROW!...



NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? HAVEN'T GOT A DIME AND CAROL WILL EXPECT A BIG NIGHT / GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING...

HI, WHAT ARE YOU SO GLUM ABOUT / THINGS CAN'T BE THAT BAD!

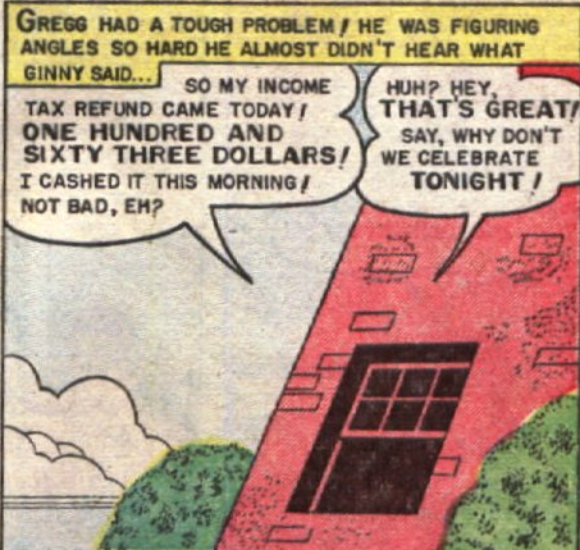
UH, HELLO, GINNY!



GREGG HAD A TOUGH PROBLEM / HE WAS FIGURING ANGLES SO HARD HE ALMOST DIDN'T HEAR WHAT GINNY SAID...

SO MY INCOME TAX REFUND CAME TODAY / ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE DOLLARS! I CASHED IT THIS MORNING / NOT BAD, EH?

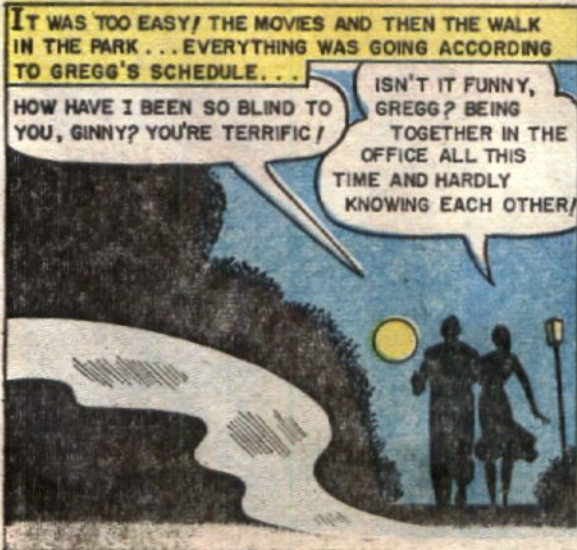
HUH? HEY, THAT'S GREAT! SAY, WHY DON'T WE CELEBRATE TONIGHT!



IT WAS TOO EASY! THE MOVIES AND THEN THE WALK IN THE PARK ... EVERYTHING WAS GOING ACCORDING TO GREGG'S SCHEDULE...

HOW HAVE I BEEN SO BLIND TO YOU, GINNY? YOU'RE TERRIFIC!

ISN'T IT FUNNY, GREGG? BEING TOGETHER IN THE OFFICE ALL THIS TIME AND HARDLY KNOWING EACH OTHER!



GREGG! STOP IT! YOU--YOU'RE THE STRANGLER... AAGGHHH...



HOPE NOBODY HEARD HER—I'D
BETTER GET OUTTA HERE FAST!



BADLY SHAKEN, GREGG FLED /
BUT NOT FAR FROM HIS MURDER
NOOK...

GOT A LIGHT,
HANDSOME?



OH, COME ON,
HANDSOME,
YOU CAN'T BE
IN THAT MUCH
OF A RUSH.
BE A GOOD BOY
AND LIGHT MY
CIGARETTE.

SURE, HONEY,
SURE. I'M IN
NO RUSH!

I WONDER
IF SHE
HEARD
ANYTHING...



LILY'S MY NAME. HOW ABOUT
WALKING A WAY WITH ME? A GIRL
NEEDS PROTECTION NOW-A-DAYS...
WITH THE STRANGLER
STILL LOOSE!

SURE, LILY,
I'LL TAKE
CARE
OF YOU.



WELL, WE MADE IT
THROUGH THE PARK!
THANKS A LOT,
HANDSOME... FOR
THE PROTECTION!

I DON'T GET THIS...
DID SHE HEAR SOMETHING
OR IS SHE ON
THE LEVEL?

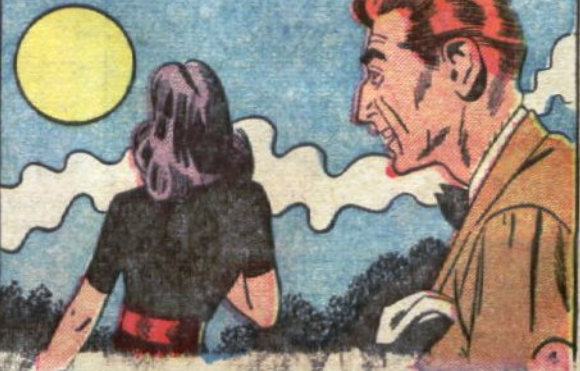


SAY, CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN,
LILY? HOW ABOUT NEXT
FRIDAY NIGHT?

WE-EL, ALL RIGHT!
YOU SEEM SAFE
ENOUGH! FRIDAY,
THEN / FRIDAY THE
THIRTEENTH!
YOU'RE NOT SUPER-
STITIOUS, ARE YOU?



SUPERSTITIOUS? NOT ME, LILY! I'M A LUCKY
FELLOW! MEET YOU RIGHT HERE AT
NINE ON FRIDAY!



GREGG WAS STRANGELY DRAWN TO LILY... ON FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH HE EAGERLY AWAITED HER /...AND LATER THAT EVENING...

IT'S FUNNY, LILY... YOU'RE REALLY THE FIRST GIRL I'VE EVER LOVED.

DON'T TALK, GREGG. JUST HOLD ME CLOSE!



BUT AS THEIR LIPS MET... A SMALL DOUBT FLICKERED THROUGH GREGG'S MIND...

I WONDER?

DID SHE SEE ANYTHING THE NIGHT THAT I KILLED GINNY? NO / SHE COULDN'T HAVE / SHE WOULDN'T FEEL THIS WAY ABOUT ME IF SHE KNEW!



THEY MET AGAIN / GREGG NO LONGER FREQUENTED THE TOWN'S HOTSPOTS AND HIS MONEY DWINDLED...

LILY, I HAVEN'T EVEN ENOUGH MONEY FOR A MOVIE TONIGHT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY. WE'LL JUST WALK IN THE PARK!



GREGG'S ANSWER WAS HOT AND BITTER...

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT! I DON'T LIKE BEING BROKE / I LIKE MONEY AND HAVING A GOOD TIME!

BUT GREGG / WE LOVE EACH OTHER AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!



YES, I LOVE YOU, LILY, BUT I LOVE MONEY MORE! I'M TRAPPED! I WANT MY OLD WAY OF LIFE AGAIN, LOTS OF GIRLS, AND BRIGHT LIGHTS!

I WISH I COULD HELP!



MAYBE YOU CAN, LILY / IF WE JUST HAD SOME MONEY TO SPEND / CAN YOU GET ANY? NOT A FEW DOLLARS BUT A LOT!

MAYBE, GREGG I'M NOT SURE. MY AUNT HAS MONEY--MAYBE SHE'LL LOAN ME SOME.



LILY PHONED GREGG THE NEXT DAY TO TELL HIM SHE COULD GET THE MONEY. THEY ARRANGED TO MEET THE FOLLOWING NIGHT... BUT AS GREGG SAT IN HIS ROOM THAT EVENING HE WAS TORN BY INDECISION.

I LOVE HER ---BUT I CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY. WHEN THE MONEY RUNS OUT, WHAT THEN?



THERE WAS ONLY ONE ANSWER HE COULD FIND...

I'LL KILL HER--- NOW, BEFORE IT'S TOO HARD--- IT'S THE ONLY WAY!



ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WHEN GREG AND LILY MET IN THE PARK...

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, DARLING / WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER A MONTH!

YOU'RE RIGHT / THIS IS MARCH 13TH!



AND FRIDAY AGAIN / I'M GLAD YOU AREN'T SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT THE THIRTEENTH!

IT'S A LUCKY DAY FOR ME / MET YOU A MONTH AGO AND NOW... DID YOU BRING THE MONEY? I'D LIKE IT NOW!



LILY STARTED TO TEASE GREGG... BUT HIS RAGGED NERVES WERE IN NO MOOD FOR HUMOR...

IF YOU WANT IT, YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, GREGG. YOU'RE TOO IMPATIENT!

WAIT, LILY / DON'T PLAY GAMES NOW / THERE ISN'T TIME... I...



HE CAUGHT HER DEEP IN THE PARK AND AS HE SWUNG HER AROUND...

THIS IS ABOUT WHERE I MET YOU, DARLING / ISN'T IT ROMANTIC? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT...

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, LILY / YOU'RE IN MY WAY! I WANT THAT MONEY WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED...



GREGG FORCED HER DOWN TO THE GROUND... THE SAME PLACE WHERE HE HAD COMMITTED THIRTEEN OTHER MURDERS...



BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER AS HE LOOKED DOWN INTO LILY'S DEAD FACE, GREGG SAW...



HE RECOILED IN TERROR AS THE FRIGHTFUL APPARITION MOVED TOWARD HIM...



GREGG TURNED TO ESCAPE THE LOATHSOME FIGURE...



THE AIR WAS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE STENCH OF THE ROTTING BODIES THAT TOTTERED TOWARD HIM, LEERING... FLIRTING GROTESQUELY WITH HIM...



AT LAST GREGG'S DREAM
HAD COME TRUE... A BEVY
OF COY CADAVERS GLAM-
ORED FOR HIS ATTENTIONS!
THE LITTLE MURDER NOOK
ECHOED WITH GHASTLY
ROMANCE! GREGG, THE
LADY KILLER, HAD ALWAYS
BEEN GIRL CRAZY AND...
THE GHOULS WERE CER-
TAINLY CRAZY ABOUT HIM...



THE END



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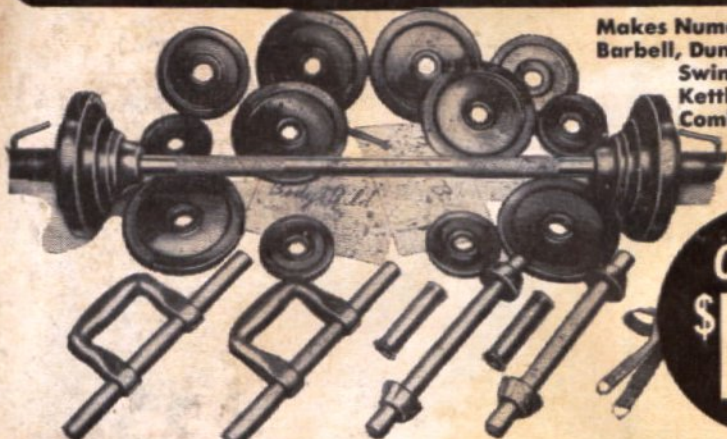
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